PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback

PUBLISHED BY WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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PRESERVING THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE

Flashback

PUBLISHED BY WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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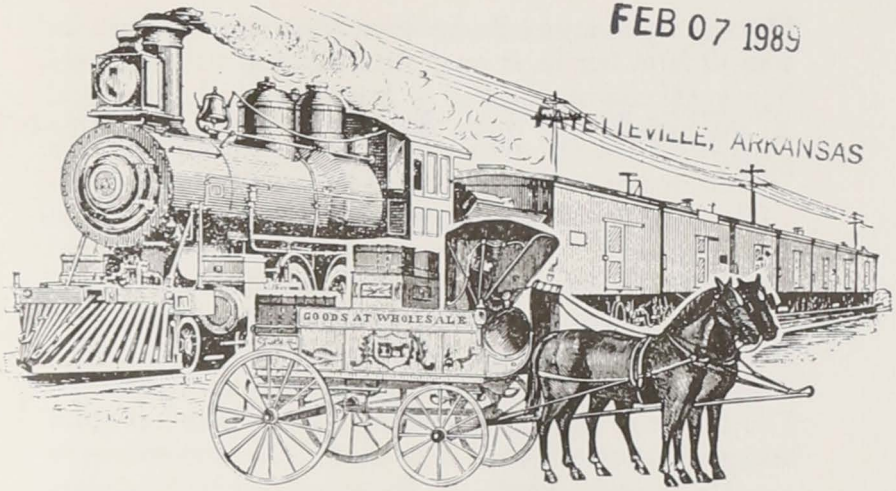


ALONG THE ROAD OF LIFE

by William Robert Phelan

It has been a long, winding road. Some of it has been smooth sailing, in other places, the waves have been rough. I will speak of things and places as I saw them, back nearly seventy years ago. That's not a long time, but considering the changes that have come about, it seems like ages.

We've come from the horse and buggy days to where men walk in space and land on the moon. From rough, narrow roads traveled by wagons, to super highways. From the days of no radio, no television and very few telephones. Today we have almost instant communication with about every place in the world.

I was born on September 16, 1908, the oldest child of a family of six children. A sister, Ora, was born on April 3, 1903. She died three years later on her third birthday, three years — three hours old. Next, after me, another sister, Esther, born March 15, 1912; Bert born May 14, 1914; Frank born January 25, 1917; baby of the family was Leroy born November 17, 1919.

We grew up on a small farm in the Ozark Mountains of

Northwest Arkansas. I suppose we were about average for a small farm family. It was a land flowing with milk and honey. Of course, you had to grow feed for the cows and do the milking, cut down the beetree and scoop up the honey.

Like everyone else, we grew a large part of the food we ate. We raised and canned several kinds of fruits and vegetables. Blackberries and huckleberries grew wild and were there for the picking. They made very good pies, jam, and jelly. Everyone kept cows, hogs and chickens. The cows furnished milk and butter; the hogs, ham and bacon. The chickens supplied eggs and meat. There being no refrigeration, all meat had to be used fresh, salted down, or cured in one way or another. The city people had ice boxes and each day they bought ice from the man who hauled it around in a wagon. We country people had no such luck. If your water supply was a well, you put the milk and butter in a bucket, tied a rope to it and lowered it down near the water. If you had a spring, the buckets could be placed in the spring itself or build a box in the branch and let the water flow through around it. We were lucky enough to have a spring. Not so lucky in one way, all the water we used had to be carried from the spring. It was much farther away than a well would be. You can't have everything!

In those long-gone days, the danger of forest fire was very real. There was no fire-department to call. Every family was on its own. Of course the neighbors would help, unless they had the same problem at the same time. Each year, either in spring or fall, fires did get started. Since nearly all fences were made of wood, They'd burn in a minute! Once a fire got loose, you started to clean a path around everyting that could burn. As you cleared the path, a backfire was started. Then you tried to keep the fire from blowing across that path and burning on the other side of it. While I was very small, I remember helping rake leaves to clear a path. Also, going back and forth down the line watching for embers blowing over. And, too, I would carry food and water to the weary men on the

line. It could be a 24-hour job before everything was secure.

Another inconvenience was none of the rivers and creeks had bridges. After a hard rain, the water was swift and dangerous. You just better not drive a wagon into it, for you could be upset or swept away.

Not very many clear memories reach back beyond the age of seven, when came the big event of first day at school. Things were so different from that time on. It was the first time away from parents. There were new kids to meet and the teacher to get acquainted with. It was a whole new world of books and chalk, of learning to read and write, and to be part of the school team.

The school was 1½ miles away from our home. It was School District #16, named Round Mountain. A one room-one teacher school. Grades from one through eight were taught. For the next eight years, I spent a lot of time there. It was my one and only school. A man, named Frank Thresher, was my first teacher. The other teachers were eight young single girls, just out of high school, or older, married women. All the teachers lived in or near the small village of West Fork, about three miles away. They rode horse-back to and from school.

I remember two or three kids who rode horses, but the rest of us had to walk. A few walked as far as three miles each way. One boy walked more than four miles. Rain or shine, snow or sleet, our little feet took us to school. When the snow was pretty deep, some of the young ones with short legs could not make it. They had to miss a few days. We were not a large group, between thirty and forty, most of the time.

When we needed air conditioning, we opened all six windows and the one door. For heat we had a large wood burning stove. The water we used was carried from a spring nearly ¼ mile away. All the boys, and a few of the girls liked to take turns carrying a pail of water. A well had been drilled near the house, but the water had a bad taste

and no one would drink it. It was a hardworking, no foolishness school. From about the fourth grade on up, we studied eight subjects each day. And, we were expected to come up with good grades.

At recess and during the noon hour it was a lively time. Since we had no swings, slides, or playground equipment, we had to make our own games. It was nearly always a running game. Darebase, Blackman, Sheep-board-down plus Hide and Seek were the most popular. Sometimes the girls would vote we play Drop-the-Handkerchief. We made it a fast game, too. All too soon it was time to give up play and get back to the books. Then it was a race to keep from being the last one in, or be a rotten egg.

At a little past the age of nine, I had my one and only experience with a tornado. My Father had always been rather afraid of storms, although the place where we lived had no storm shelter. His Mother lived nearly one-half mile away. Near her home was a small, natural limestone cave. It was a perfect shelter. This storm came in late evening on May 7, 1918. It had been a hot and sultry day. Late in the day, a dark, angry looking cloud came boiling up from the Southwest. It did look unusually fierce, so Dad decided we should go to the cave. We took off fast and reached Grandmother's house a few minutes ahead of the cloud.

Grandmother was a widow, living with her two unmarried sons. She was old and not very strong so she did not wish to leave the house. John was to remain with her, while Dick went with us to the cave. The first thing to hit was a hail-storm. It was a terrible one, with some hail nearly the size of baseballs. Two minutes after the hail storm past, the roaring, crashing, thunder of the tornado hit us. It was as if a dozen freight trains came rushing by. At that time, much of the country was covered with large oak timber. The storm was taking these big trees up by the roots, twisting off limbs, and breaking hardwood trees as if they were match-sticks.

Soon as it passed, we went out to see if anything was left

standing. I don't see how the house escaped, but it was still up. It was not even damaged a great deal. A huge shade tree had fallen across one end of the porch roof which part was smashed.

Another giant tree had broken in half, but it fell in the other direction, missing the house. The barn was demolished. A blacksmith shop and a chicken house were completely gone. Nearly all the chickens were killed. Most of their feathers were pulled out. All the fences were in shambles. The roads were full of broken timber.

Our own home was just on the edge of the storm and suffered little damage. The Sherman Wilcox family, just north of us was not so lucky. They were just about in the center of the path. A short time before Wilcox had finished building a new home, the nicest one around. All he had left was a pile of splinters.

By chance none of the Wilcox family was home. Their baby girl was sick. That day they took her to the Doctor. Fayetteville was ten miles away. With a horse and buggy it took some time to make the trip. They were within a mile of home when the hail started and stopped at a neighbors house to wait it out. When they did get home, not a building was left standing. Two other near-by homes were damaged, but the people got away with cuts and bruises. The storm cut a swatch over four miles long and about one quarter mile wide.

Following the storm, our job was to repair and rebuild. It was a big task. There was no insurance to help out. You just rolled up your sleeves and started. The fences had to be done first. Work on a new barn came next. All the sills and the framework were hand-hewn from oak. Timber was cut and hauled to a sawmill, where all the boards were cut to order. The roof was covered with handmade oak shingles. It is quite an art to make shingles by hand. The oldtimers knew then how it was done. The barn was large and built to last. Now, nearly sixty years later, it is still in use, in good condition. My Grandmother did not live to see the job completed. In the fall of that year, she slipped

away to join the legions who have gone on.

For me, it was back to school and doing various chores. Early in life, farm kids learned there was work had to be done. You started out with little jobs, like feeding the chickens, bringing in wood and water, and helping care for younger children. As you grew older, you graduated to a place in the fields alongside your parents.

Those days it was strictly horsepower, manpower and kid power; no farm tractor, no gasoline-powered equipment. Here and there, through the hills were a few steam-operated sawmills. Also some steam mills that ground meal and flour. Another kind of mill was run by a big water wheel, with cups or paddles built on it. Water flowing over or under turned the wheel. A shaft from the wheel turned gears, which turned large, stone burrs to grind the flour and meal. Many people grew grain, especially corn, and took it to mill as needed. We did that quite often. A day that was too wet, or too cold for outside work, would be a time for everyone to shell a turn of corn for meal. It must be shelled from the cob by hand which was quite a task.

We did have one other steampowered piece of machinery. It was big threshing machine. After the wheat and oats were cut by hand, shocked in small bundles, so the moisture would dry out, then the thresher would go from farm to farm. That was a big day for everyone, especially kids. It was something to see a machine of such size in operation.

While we are waiting for the engine to get up a head of steam, let us go back to grow a crop of oats. Inside here, out of the sun and wind, it should not be so difficult.

Hark back to the days of early spring. Around the first of March, depending on the weather, and if the ground was dry enough to plow, you whistled in the team from their pasture. Feed them well, curry them good, (comb their hair) then put on the harness. Hitch them to the turning plow, and get the day started. First, the field was

carefully broken with the plow. Follow that with a harrow, to break up the clods and smooth the soil. If you have the seed ready, along with the special sack to sow from, you are in business. In case your special sack got lost last winter, I'll tell you how to make another one. Take a large cloth sack, one that will hold about a hundred pounds of grain. Cut about a four foot length of small rope. Tie one end to a bottom corner of the sack, the other end to a top corner. The loop of rope goes across the top of the right shoulder. The sack will ride under the left arm and around in front, at about waist high. In a sort of laying down position, it will hold about one bushel of seed, all you want to carry at one time.

Now, cut two straight sticks, about eight feet long, tie a piece of cloth to one end of each stake, they are to be set up at each end of the field. They make a guide to walk back and forth to as you sow. Each time across the field, move a stake over, a distance of five steps which is the width strip you sow.

Pour about a bushel of seed into the sack, loop the rope over the shoulder and take off. Grab a handful of grain and with a sweeping motion scatter it ahead of you in a half circle. Step, grab and sow, step grab and sow. There is a time and rhythm to it. When the field is sown, go over it again with the harrow to cover the seed with soil.

For the next three months or so, hope for the proper amount of rain with no hail. By mid-June if the weather has been right, the field will be covered with a sea of waving grain. It will be three, or more feet high, and a beautiful golden color. It is now ready for the cradle. A grain gradle. You don't know what that is?

I am not surprised. Today, not many people would know a cradle if they met it in the road. It is a sharp blade of steel about four feet long. It is fastened to one end of a wooden stock, or handle. The stock is crooked and curved in just the right places. Two hand grips are fastened to it. Starting above the blade is a sort of frame built of light wood. It has

four fingers, much like the fingers of your hand. As the cradle is swept through grain, the blade will cut it and the fingers will hold it straight and prevent it falling to the ground. At the end of each swing the stalks are gathered in one hand from the fingers and placed in a neat pile at your feet. With each swing a half circle is cut. That is where the manpower comes in. It takes strong arm and shoulder muscles to swing a cradle all day. Earn your bread with the sweat of your brow!

Next day, the small piles are picked up and put together making a large bundle. Hold the bundle in one arm, pull out some stalks with the other hand. Place them around the bundle near the center. A quick turn of the bundle, a twist of the wrist, and a knot is tied. It will hold till it hits the threshing machine. The bundles are then stood upright, in what is called a shock. Twelve bundles to each shock. They will stand and dry out while waiting for the thresher.

Now, can you plant and harvest a crop of oats? Toot. Toot. T-o-o-o-t. Hey! They have steam up, grab a pitchfork and let us start pitching bundles. At noontime the women will have a big feast ready and waiting. That feed is the real good part of the whole business.

There have been other changes over the years. Take coffee. Today, if you have lots of money it can be bought in Drip Grind, Electric Perk, Freeze Dried and Instant. Years ago it was one kind only, whole bean. Buy a sack of the beans, take them home and pour into a handcranked coffee mill, grind out enough to make a pot of brew whenever you wished.

When I was about ten years old, the first telephone came to our neighborhood. A group would get together, buy wire and insulators, and proceed to build the line. It would hook on to a line somewhere down the way, or go on to a small country switchboard. Each person bought a telephone and put it upon the wall. It was a box-like deal, with a crank on one side. Inside a two large dry cell bat-

teries. They furnish the talking power. Everyone is on a party line. Each family has its own coded number. Anyone on a certain line can call another by cranking out a series of rings. To reach the phone of another line, ring the switchboard and tell the operator whom you wish to call. She will plug into that line and ring your party for you.

Other changes were on the way. Somewhere around then, the first car came to our community. It was a Model-T Ford. Another big step forward was our first rural mail route. Up to then we got our mail at the little country store and post office, called Ridge, nearly two miles from our home. About once each week we walked to the store. Soon as I was big enough to walk the distance, I took over that job. Most time I would have six or eight dozen eggs to carry. They brought about 15 cents per dozen. With the money I would buy sugar, salt, coffee, soap and maybe a sack of candy. Of course I picked up the mail, if we got any. Postage was high in those days. It took one cent to mail a card and two cents for a letter. In our part of the world, a daily newspaper was unknown. Many people did subscribe to the Weekly Kansas City Star. Also a couple of farm magazines were published once each month.

Now, the mail route was coming. It followed the county roads, but many people did not live on a county road. We were among those who did not, so we still had to walk ½ mile to the mail box.

Back then every man, 21 and over, had to donate so many days each year to road work. It was the only way the roads could be kept. Many kids made a hand for the road, just as soon as they could drive a team or make little rocks out of big ones with a hammer.

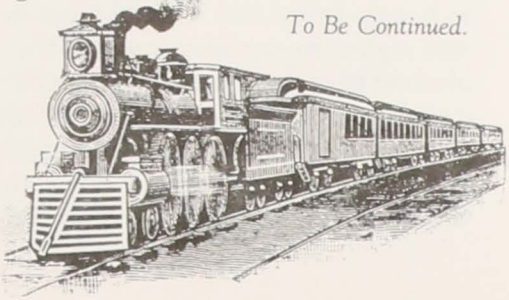
It may sound like we had all work, and no play. That is not right. Since there were no toys, no radio and no TV we had to make our own games. No problem! Wade in the brook, play leapfrog, run races, climb saplings, hunt for hens' nests in the barn loft and take the calf to water. Lie down beside an ant den and watch them work, call a doodle-bug (ant Lion) out of his little sand pit home and,

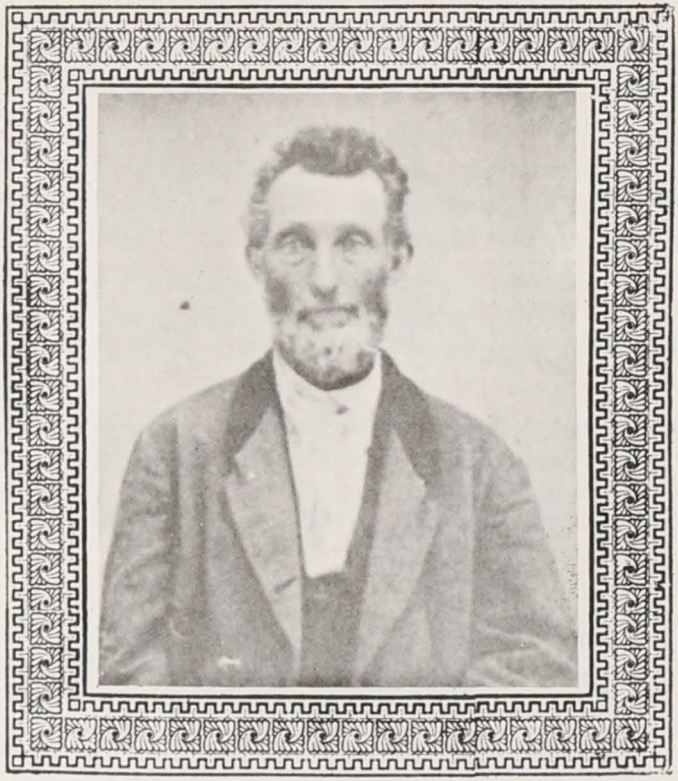
maybe, conduct a funeral for a dead bird. If wild strawberries were ripe we ate them, if gooseberries were green or ripe, we picked and ate them.

We kids grew up working and playing together. Very few fights and squabbles. Our parents were kind and gentle with us. They taught us to the things that were right, and not to do the wrong things. Since none of us were ever in trouble, they must have been pretty good teachers. To our friends and relatives they were known as Bill and Dane. They were always ready to help a neighbor in time of sickness or trouble. Father and Mother were born in Arkansas and spent their entire lives within a few miles of their birthplace. They are now at rest in the Baptist Ford Cemetery, beside the grave of my baby sister.

While I was reaching the ancient age of ten, a sister and two brothers had joined the family. Sis was now going on seven. Still rather small, but big enough to help chase after Bert and Frank. After a few more years she could climb a tree almost like a squirrel. Well, not quite so good as that, because she did fall out of one tree. Almost got a broken arm out of that deal. That did not keep any of us from climbing. Right near our house was a good size grove of persimmon trees. They were tall and slender and grew close together. We would climb to the top of one, rock back and forth a few times, and it would swing close to another one. We would let go of that one and grab on to the other one. So it would go, round and round through the grove. When we were ready to come down, just pick a slim one near the edge, rock it back and forth a few times, hang on with the hands, kick the feet free, and your weight would curve the tree over to the ground. It was as good as riding a merry-go-round.

To Be Continued.





JAMES W. YATES, 1815 - 1882

by Lacy P. McColloch

Your Editor is rerunning this story with apologies to our readers and the author. There were several errors made in the sequence of paragraphs when the article was run in November 1988. Here is the corrected account.

James W. Yates was born Feb. 15, 1815, in East Tennessee. He was one of fifteen children born to Nicholas and Sarah Hays Yates. So far as is known they lived in Green County, Tenn. In 1818, James W. Hays, father of Sarah Hays Yates, was living in Jefferson County, Tenn. Green County was a short distance to the east of Jefferson County but the two counties did not join.

In 1834 the Nicholas Yates family moved to Cane Hill, Arkansas Territory. It is not known just where they located.

The children of Nicholas and Sarah Hays Yates were: Richard, Nicholas, Jr., Joseph, James W., William, Louis,

Benjamin, John, Almira, Mattie, Jane, Ketura, Eliza, Adeline and Mary.

This is a brief account of only one of the sons, James W. Yates, and his family. James W. Yates was married twice. His first wife was Martha J. Talkington whom he married on Sept. 14, 1841. She was the daughter of the Rev. Isaac Talkington of Cane Hill, Ark. She was born Jan. 25, 1818, place unknown, and died on Nov. 3, 1851, in Cane Hill Township.

James and Martha Talkington Yates lived about a half mile west of the present community of Clyde, Ark. on a farm that old timers will remember as the Tom Kirby farm. The Paul Cliffords live there now.

Children of James W. and Martha J. Talkington Yates:

i. Almira (Allie) E., b. July 13, 1842; married Hannible Moore Apr. 5, 1860; d. Oct. 31, 1899.
ii. Berkeley C., b. Feb. 11, 1844; d. Mar. 27, 1845.
iii. Elizabeth Evelyn (Eliza) b. Jan. 15, 1847; married Samuel Pylant Russell Mar. 7, 1867; d. Jan. 20, 1908.
iv. Helen, b. Mar. 18, 1849; married David N. Moore Oct. 24, 1872; d. _____.
v. Sarah Jennie, b. June 12, 1851; married Allan Beller Sept. 6, 1871; d. Jan. 28, 1878.

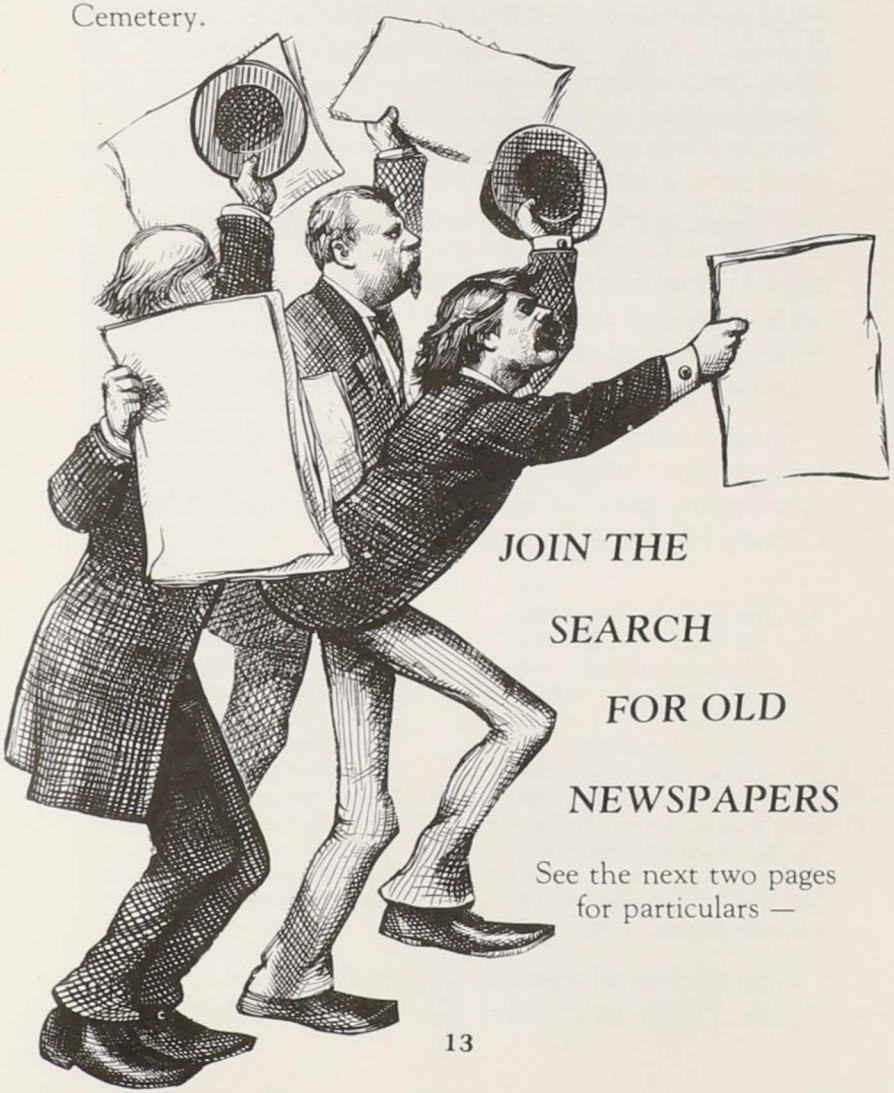
James W. Yates married his second wife, Milanda Russell, on Feb. 15, 1855. She was the daughter of George Russell, who died, and she was reared by his brother, James B. Russell. The Rev. James Pulaski Russell was Malinda's brother. Malinda was born Nov. 4, 1836 and died in 1927.

Children of James W. and Malinda Russell Yates:

i. George Pulaski, b. July 15, 1856; married Elizabeth Hagood; d. _____.
ii. Mary Alta, b. June 15, 1858; married J. Wesley Kirkland Apr. 22, 1880; d. _____
iii. L. Annie, b. May 7, 1860; married Norris Leach Aug. 13, 1882; d. _____.

iv. L. Mae, b. May 20, 1862; married Earl LeMar Carter Aug. 2, 1882; d. _____.
v. William Welch, b. May 2, 1867; married Maude Richmond Feb. 1, 1888; d. _____.
vi. L. Hubert, b. Aug. 17, 1873; married Annie Belle Irwin Nov. 16, 1896; d. _____.

James W. Yates continued to live on the same farm and practiced the blacksmith trade throughout his active life. He died May 23, 1882. He is buried in the Cane Hill Cemetery.



JOIN THE SEARCH FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS

See the next two pages for particulars —

JOIN THE SEARCH FOR OLD NEWSPAPERS

by Deb Kulczak
Cataloger for the Arkansas Newspaper Project

Arkansas Newspaper Project field workers Robert Myers and Deb Kulczak have been traveling around northwest Arkansas since November in an effort to locate and catalog Arkansas newspapers. The project was awarded $172,571 from the National Endowment for the Humanities (NEH) to support this activity as part of a much larger statewide effort. The field team records information about each newspaper, as well as the specific issues held by the libraries, museums, and historical societies visited. This information is entered into the database of the Online Computer Library Center (OCLC) and can be used by historians, genealogists, and researchers nationwide or around the world. NEH will also award additional funds for the microfilming of these newspapers, thus permanently preserving much state and local history.

On-site visits thus far have been quite rewarding. The project has uncovered issues of the following area newspapers, some of which are part of the Washington County Historical Society collection.

The New Bentonian Bentonville
Cane Hill News
The Cincinnati Argus
Clarksville Enterprise
Elkins Graphic
Eureka Springs Republican
The Arkansas Blade Fayetteville
The Arkansas Times Fayetteville
Daily Arkansas Sentinel Fayetteville
The War Bulletin Fayetteville
War Eagle Republican Huntsville
The Lincoln Weekly Banner
Maysville Tribune
Pettigrew Journal
The Daily Register Siloam Springs
Hill Billy News Sulphur Springs
The Speaker Sulphur Springs
Speaker Monthly Sulphur Springs
Sulphur Springs American
The Sulphur Springs News
Sulphur Springs Star
Sulphur Springs Sun
The Top Winslow
The Winslow Mirror
Yellville Watchman

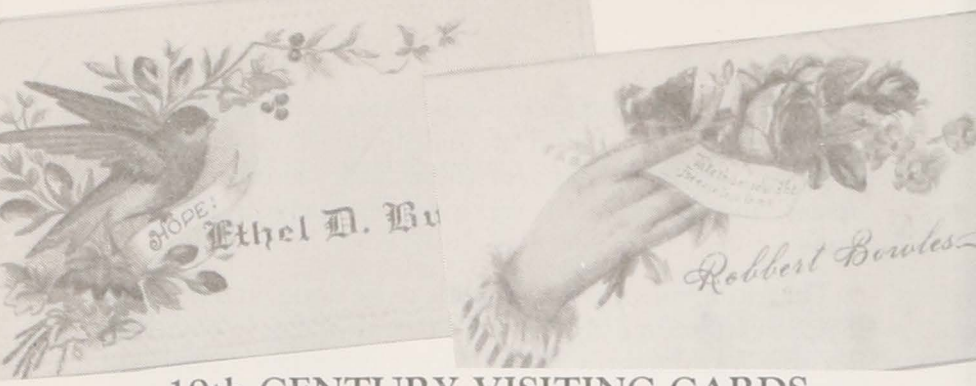
Also discovered were the *Springdale Enterprise*, *The Springdale Yellow Jacket*, and *The Arkansaw Locomotive*, all

ancestors of *The Springdale News*. These, and certain of the above titles, were found at the Shiloh Museum in Springdale. However, many of these finds were only single issues, and the project is seeking to locate more extensive runs.

Therefore, much work remains to be done, and you can help. In addition to the above titles, the project is looking for the Washington County papers listed below, none of which have been found by the project staff as of this date. If you know the whereabouts of these or other newspapers, the Arkansas Newspaper Project would like to hear from you. Please call Deb Kulczak or Robert Myers at 575-6409 or contact them at Mullins Library, Room 107, University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, 72701.

Washington County Titles Not Located

Title	Estimated Dates
Bugle Cane Hill	1885
Alliance Advocate Evansville	1891
Farmington Mercury	*1979 - ?*
Arkansas American Fayetteville	1911 - ?
Arkansas American Fayetteville	1921
Arkansas Watch Tower Fayetteville	1852 - ?
Countryman, the Ozarks Farm and Home Monthly Fayetteville	May 1928 - June 1929
Evening Call Fayetteville	1885
Fayetteville Arkansan	1867 - ?
Fayetteville Commoner	1905 - ?
Fayetteville Observer	1866 - ?
Fayetteville Times	1867
Fayetteville Weekly Democrat	1860 - 1861
Fayetteville Witness	1879 - 1881
Ozark Mountain Herald Fayetteville	? - 1896
Radical Fayetteville	1867
Western Pioneer Fayetteville	1852 - 1858
Lincoln Herald	19??
Lincoln News	1915 - ?
Globe Prairie Grove	1899 - ?
Prairie Grove News	1885 - 1886
Prairie Grove News-Record	1866 - ?
Prairie Grove Record	1898 - 1903
Rising Sun Prairie Grove	1887 - 1889
Springdale Journal	? ! 1886
Springdale News	1886
Times Springdale	1895 - ?

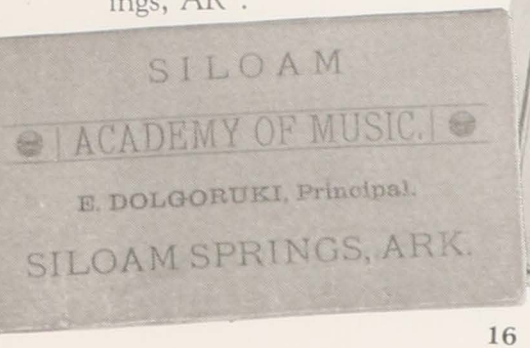


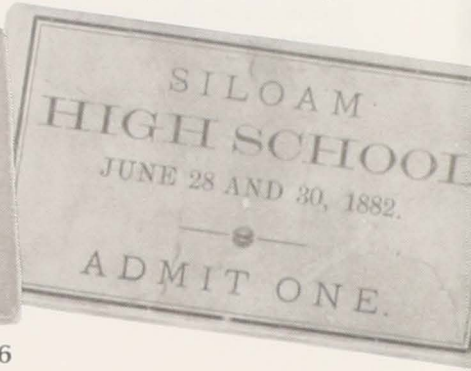
19th CENTURY VISITING CARDS

by Aulena Scearce Gibson

Generations of our Gibson family have saved an old book entitled *Memorial Addresses of Henry B. Anthony January 19th and 21st 1885*. Upon inspection, 19th century visiting or calling cards with familiar names from Washington County Arkansas are pasted on the pages. It could have been compiled by any of our Gibson - Hinds - Medearis - Thomason ancestors in Washington Co., but was probably the handiwork of Taska Medearis Gibson (1868-1929), the grandmother of my husband, Dr. Gilbert Carl Gibson. She was born in Cincinnati, AR, married to George Wright Gibson 24 Dec. 1891 Washington Co. and died in Westville, OK.

The printed pages of the book are glued with not only visiting cards, but also magazine pictures of cartoons, fashions and advertisements. Braided brown hair is entwined in one card. The initials S.M.A. are in several places and two tickets are inserted which read "Siloam High School, June 28 and 30, 1882, Admit One" and Siloam Academy of Music, E. Dolgoruki, Principal, Siloam Springs, AR".





Many of the visiting cards are quite ornate with elaborate floral designs and hidden names are found when turning back decorative cutouts. One unusual card is in the shape of a lady's shoe, but the most popular designs include colorful flowers. This collection is a good representation of the era of beautifully-designed visiting cards.

The visiting card or "carte de visite" was patented in France in 1854. If one took literally its proper social usage, an abundant supply was necessary.[1] The married visitor left a card for the hostess, one for the man of the house, plus two from her own husband. Married couples had cards printed wit Mr. and Mrs.... Husband and wife had separate cards. His might list his club affiliation. Hers might list the day of the week she received calls, such as "Thursdays until May."[2] No clubs nor calling days were found on the cards in this book, so perhaps Washington Co. did not conform to this particular printing custom.

Elaborate visiting/calling card cases were made as early as 1826.[3] Returning a social call was serious business. We can imagine our grandmother or great grandmother in turn-of-the century clothing with calling case in one hand, properly backed with the embroidered handkerchief, ringing the doorbell, entering, dropping her cards in the receiver, walking into a parlor, chatting while sipping a cup of tea. If she were experienced, she could make several visitations in an afternoon.

Today, the business card is gradually taking the place of the visiting, and they are still collectors' items. We have all

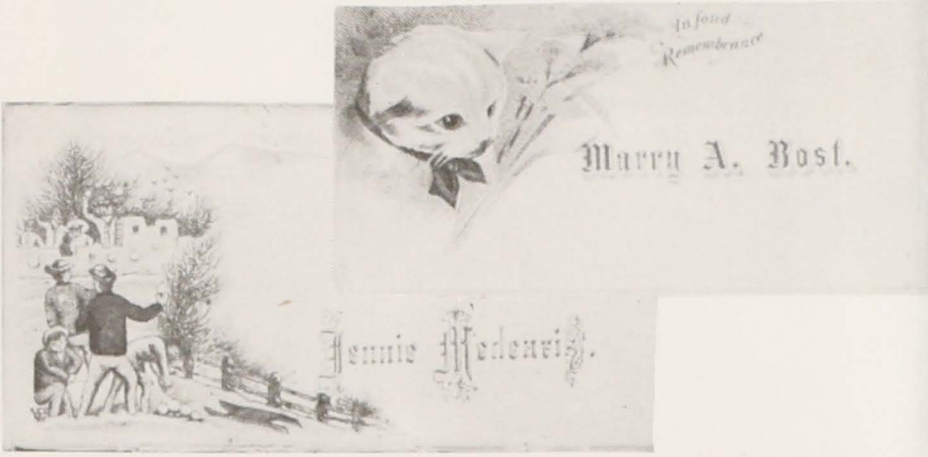
seen business cards plastered on walls of eating establishments. Some serious collectors only acquire turn-of-the century cards, others seek certain professions and others collect by countries. Business cards of famous personalities are very coveted.

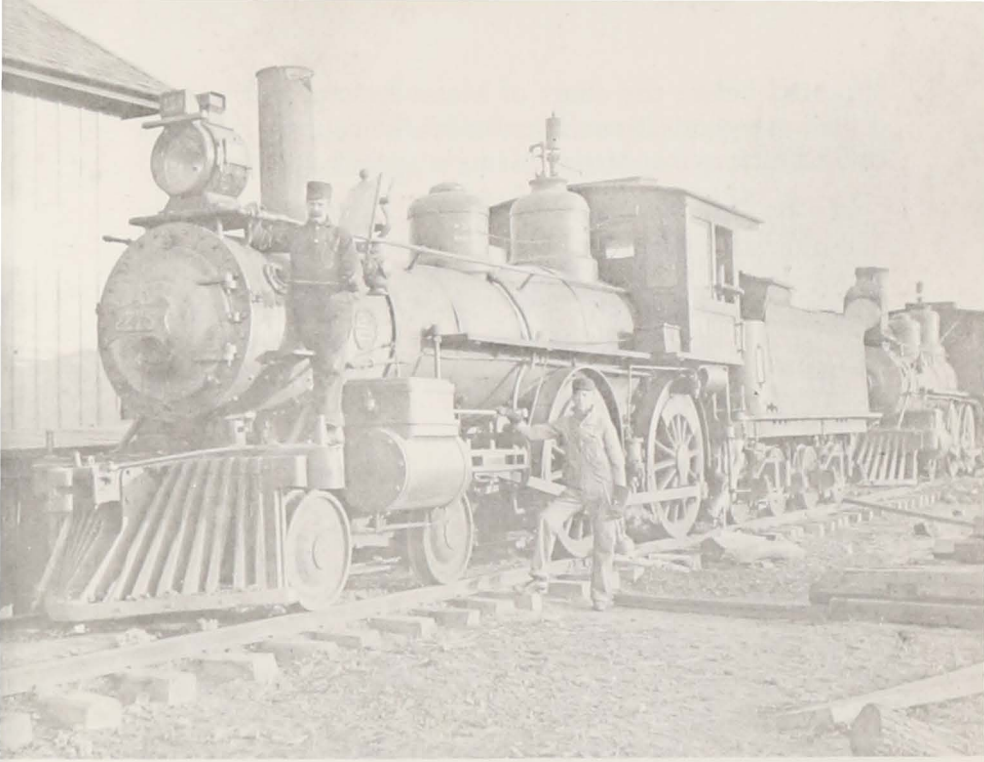
Following is an alphabetical list of the cards in our collection. They are friends (no doubt) who visited in Washington Co. during the 1800s.

CODE:

( ) Mayson was hand written on the card beside printed name of Holt
? unreadable or a guess
__ underlined [5] correctly copied

Fannie Bales
Marry A. Bost
Bette Brown
Emma Cave
John S. Davis
Rosie Dunlap
Bettie Estis
Dr. W. A. Farley
Lila Foster
Miss Molie D. Harrell
Nannie J. Holt (Mayson)
Ben L. Jarrett
J.F. Layman
D.A. Mason
Albert J. Medearis
Lillian Medearis
Laura Barmel
Robbert Bowles
Georgia A. Bruner
A. D. Crawford
James A. Dodson
Annie Egy
Maggie E. Fale
Maggie Fay
Ella K. Gibson
J? I? D. Hinds
Emma E. Hooper
Fannie Koontz
Jennet E. Mackie
John Mason
Frank Medearis
Robert S. Medearis
Clara Borden
Mrs. Jennie Brasel
Ethel D. Burkett
Oscar Crawford
Emily K. Donalson
Eva Ellis
Ada J. Moor Fannen ?
Emma Finley
M.P. Griffith, P.M.
Miss Julia Hinds
Jaffett, May
John T. Lanman ?
Mrs. M. Mackie
Lena Mason
Jennie Medearis
Taska Medearis





H.P. Dutton, engineer, standing on ground beside an Osage & Cherokee Central Railroad engine. Circa 1902.

HOBART (HARRY) PERCY DUTTON

by Mrs. Forrest Dutton Poorman

This is an account of a remarkable man; who never had the satisfaction of working in his chosen field, who never made lists of important people, and who never was the subject of a biographical sketch. Despite his longing to be a journalist, he became an excellent railroad engineer, and, along the way, a human being whom every one admired for his kindness, thoughtfulness, honesty and dependability. Most importantly he was an understanding, devoted father and husband.

The Dutton line has been traced back to five brothers who were with William, The Conqueror, when he landed in England in 1066. There a portion of the old Dutton Hall is still standing. John Dutton, in 1630, was the first of his family to come to America. On October 29, 1640, he

appeared before the court of Massachusetts and was accepted as a good citizen. Eventually, the younger members of the Duttons migrated to New Hampshire and Vermont.

In the small village of Berlin, Vermont, George Washington Dutton was born. He was to join the Union Army during the Civil War. After discharge, he moved to Tipton, Iowa, where he met and married Rachel Perin of that city. Only three of their six children lived to be adults. One of these was Hobart Percy Dutton, September 30, 1878.

When Hobart's much beloved Mother died in 1893, he was fourteen, his brother, Roy, was twenty and his sister, Helen, was five years old. The two boys assumed the responsibility of raising the family with the help of several aunts who lived nearby.

At the outbreak of the Spanish American War, Roy and Hobart felt it their patriotic duty to volunteer. They joined April 26, 1898, and were assigned to Co. F, 49th Regiment, which was sent to a camp, called Cuba Libre, in Jacksonville, Florida. Very soon, malaria struck and most of the young men became very ill. The environment in Iowa was so different from Florida's swamps, rain, and mosquitoes. Almost all of the brothers' company were so weakened and sickly, they were given medical discharges.

Characteristic of Hobart's positive attitude, he never complained about the living conditions they had to endure in camp. Roy was unable to throw off the effects of malaria, so he was given a medical discharge. The following is a letter Hobart sent home, describing the camp and its activities.

Camp Cuba Libre
Frank L Smith, Camp Secry.
Jacksonville, Fla., July 26, 1898

Dear Folks,

Well no doubt Roy is home by this time and eating in a civilized fashion again. I am fully recovered everything down to my appetite. Our negro cook is doing fine, we had some of the finest fried potatoes and nice fresh bread that I ever ate. The only thing

that spoiled it was the hard downpour of rain which fell all Sunday night and all day Monday. All we have had this week is squad drill in company camp.

Our Y.M.C.A. tent is fine and we all spend our evenings and day times over here. They have checkers and all kinds of games like these to help pass away the long hours. Sunday we had services twice with a full attendance. They have contracted with the printing offices and 75 papers are left here morning and evening free.

Writing paper and envelopes are furnished free and also stamps are on sale at the tent.

Friday they have an entertainment down at the Opera House for the benefit of the sick and the 49th was requested to send a company down to have an exhibition drill. This morning Bartley lined us up and had the Lt. of H (the one who wore glasses) have us go through the manual of arms while he picked out 4 of the best drilled fellows. Morehead, Allen, Shrack and myself were picked out. We are relieved from all company duty until Monday.

Gunnis has gone on a permanent detail to act as aide on General Hasbrook's staff, Roy, and so Bartley is commanding and that Lt. of H is detailed by Col. Dows to help him. He is strict and found Saul in bed this morning at assembly. The company was hanging around for Saul but he did not come out for a while. Did you have a nice trip home? No one but Wolfe is on sick list at the present. He is up and around.

The streets are very muddy just at the present. I sent 3 letters to you.

Well must close, so long, good-bye,

Hob.

Hobart endured until he came down again with malaria, so on Dec. 21, 1898, he was discharged. His papers read "honest and faithful" and his character "excellent".

When Hobart returned to Iowa, he found that his father had been seriously injured in a train wreck and would

never be able to work full time. With the Dutton finances at such a low ebb, it was necessary for the ex-soldier to find work. Logically, he turned to railroading. Besides his father, he had three uncles who were engineers. His first job was as a fireman on the Chicago Northwestern for several months; then on the Rock Island Northwestern for six months.

Halleck Seaman, Hobart's cousin in Clinton, Iowa, was a well known man in the legal, financial and railroad circles throughout the Midwest. He held executive positions with several railroads so he realized the importance of developing small railroads and waterways to serve the South. He was most influential in getting the Mississippi River dredged to provide commercial transportation. Also he had founded the Muskogee Southern Railroad plus others in the South.

Mr. Seaman, joined by several of his legal colleagues at Clinton, Iowa started the Osage and Cherokee Central Railroad, to originate in Fayetteville, AR, to extend 144 miles through Muskogee, and terminate in Okmulgee, OK. Two local Fayetteville men, J.H. McIlroy and Dr. McCormick, are mentioned as helping to promote this railroad.

The route was through very rugged virgin land that must be cleared for a railroad bed before rails could be laid. In the spring of 1901, Mr. Seaman offered Hobart a job on the OC&C as a fireman to work on its construction. He accepted and arrived in Fayetteville in July, 1901. His first duties, besides keeping the boilers of the old steam engine full, were to assist his engineer, Mr. Rippen. Their responsibility was to keep the construction crews fully supplied. As the building of the railroad progressed westward, the train crews had longer and longer runs. Mr. Rippen often said he was sure he was the only engineer who had to apply his brakes to go up Lincoln Hill. He made this exaggeration as a way of complimenting Hobart who kept the firebox full and maintained a tremendous head of steam ready for his engineer.

Young Dutton was promoted to passenger engineer in 1901 and served until he retired in 1942. He took the first train into Prairie Grove on August 22, 1901. It was January 22, 1902 when the service was extended to Lincoln. His was the sad task of taking the last train through Prairie Grove in 1942. In 1903, the Osage and Cherokee Central Railroad, known as the O.C.&C., was sold to the St. Louis and San Francisco RR, familiarly known as "The Frisco".

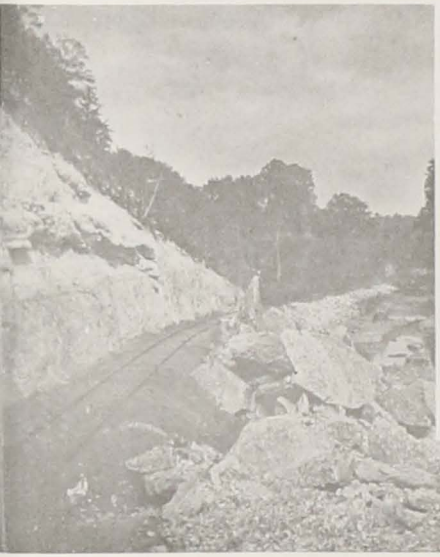
Hobart P. Dutton, 1902, Myrtle C. Shofner Dutton

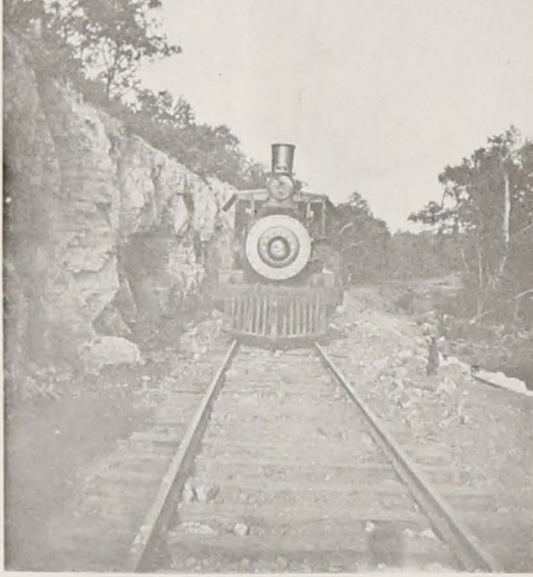
Hobart, first came to Arkansas to earn enough money for a return to Iowa to start his own print shop. However, those plans did not include "love at first sight". It was the custom for young ladies in Prairie Grove to dress in their finest, saunter down to the RR station, and observe the train as it went through. Hobart saw Myrtle Clyde Shofner on one of those occasions. That very day he vowed he would marry her. A friend, Doss McCormick, introduced the two. Following a suitable courtship, they became husband and wife on July 14, 1902, at the home of Myrtle's uncle, Frederick Shofner, in Carthage, MO.

First train over Osage & Cherokee R.R. July 1901.
H.P. Dutton - Fireman - standing on steps.

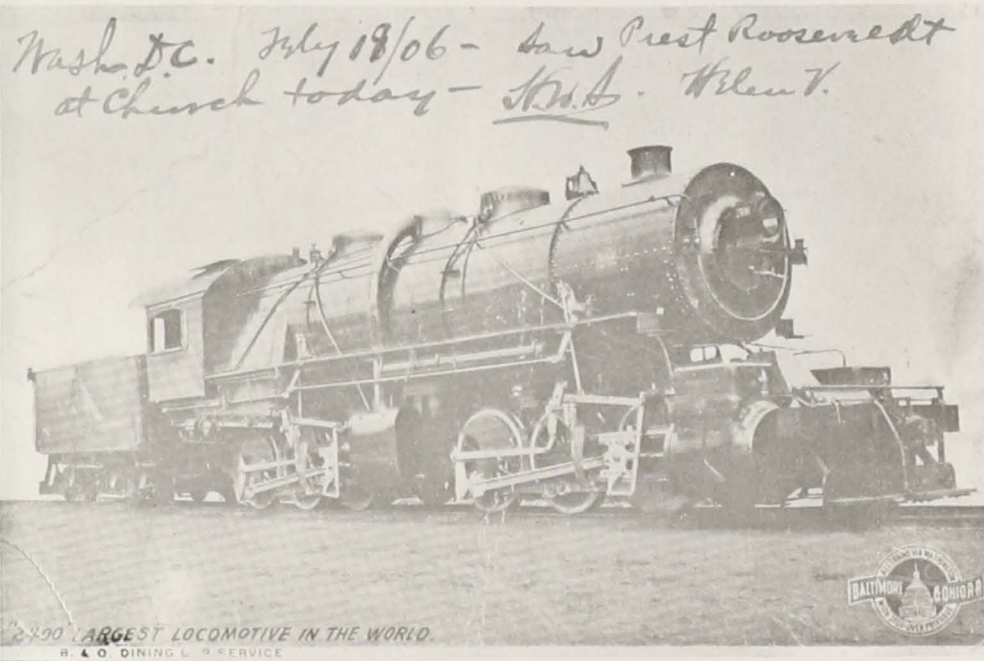
Myrtle and Hobart (left) on a Sunday outing near Prairie Grove.

O & C C RR. under construction, c. 1901





Postcard sent to Hobart Dutton, Fayetteville, AR Message, "Wash. D.C. July 18/06. Saw Prest. Roosevelt at church today. H. W. S. - Helen V." Printing "Baltimore and Ohio RR - Largest Locomotive in the World."


Wash. D.C. July 18/06 - Saw Prest Roosevelt at Church today - H.W.S. Helen V.
LARGEST LOCOMOTIVE IN THE WORLD
B. & O. DINING & SERVICE
BALTIMORE & OHIO R.R.

As the O.C.&C. track construction was approaching his terminal in Okmulgee, the young couple made their first home in Tahlequah, OK. Myrtle used to tell about the site, just outside her window, where many an outlaw had met his end by the hands of the law. Hobart's only encounter with lawbreakers came when the train had stopped at a station. A young desperado came running to demand that Hobart "Get this engine going now". The engineer's response was, "If you want the train, you take it", and he walked away. Very shortly, the pursuing lawman captured the fugitive.

The young Duttons returned to Fayetteville to await the birth of their first child. On July 25, 1903, Robert Seaman Dutton was born. The name Seaman was given to honor Halleck Seaman who offered Hobart the railroad job. Margaret Elizabeth Dutton was born November 17, 1907, and the family was completed when Forrest Louise Dutton came along October 1, 1916.

For many years the family lived at 320 Meadow St. in Fayetteville. One of the family stories recalls an early day on Meadow St. when Hobart was enjoying a rare day at home. A runaway horse, pulling a wagon, came racing down Meadow. Two women were struggling with the frightened horse. Hobart ran out, grabbed the reins and was dragged down the street. Fortunately, he was able to stop the runaway and no one was injured. However, the women were so frightened, one had to be taken to a neighbor's home and furnished dry clothing.

As typical of streets in the early 1900's, Meadow had fairly deep gutters on each side. The youngest Dutton child remembers vividly falling into a ditch and sustaining a deep cut on the forehead. A doctor was called; the dining room table served as a surgery; the cat gut used left a scar.

While railroading was not Hobart's first choice of an occupation, his work ethics and pride made him try to be the best engineer possible. The following is a letter he received in 1917.

At Muskogee, Feb. 27, 1917

Mr. H.P. Dutton
Engineer
Fayetteville, Arkansas

Dear Sir:—

I want to compliment you on the manner in which you handled your air brakes on Train 705, Fayetteville to Boynton where I left your train, Feb. 26th.

Every stop and each start was as near perfect as I ever saw an engineer handle a train. Want you to know that I appreciate it.

Copy of this letter goes in your personal file.

Yours truly,

CC Per. Record. Superintendent

Compliments were not forthcoming from his family when Hobart took his place behind the wheel of their 1919-/1920 Dodge touring car. Handling a heavy locomotive was simple compared to the eccentricities of this automobile. Anticipating the surge and head jerking, the stops and starts, the children learned to get secure hand holds on some part of the car. Mrs. Dutton would become furious with the rough starts and more than once declared she would not ride with Hobart again. Eventually experience and more modern cars improved Hobart's driving skills.

Because of a change in the working schedules, Hobart and family moved to Okmulgee, OK in 1920 and two years later to Muskogee, OK. This created a problem for the crew. Because of labor laws, it was necessary for them to lay over in Fayetteville every second night. A small cabin was erected near the railroad terminal in Fayetteville, furnished and supplied by those who used it. It was maintained on the honor system. There was never anything stolen nor was it ever disturbed by transients. The little place was always clean, orderly, while several men became good cooks. Hobart helped pass the lonely hours there prepar-

ing himself to advance through the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons holding the Thirty-Second degree in the Masonic Order, identified with the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite. He also served in many capacities in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

The route of the Frisco contributed to the growth of small towns both in Arkansas and Oklahoma. People of low income tried farming all along the route. They were regular visitors to the track, watching and waving to the crew. With his usual compassion, Hobart tried to have a package each trip to throw as he passed, especially to the young children. Clothes, food and papers were saved for these lonely, poor people. Special packages were assembled for Christmas.

The memories of this passenger train are all that are left of this convenient form of transportation. The service was officially terminated July 10, 1942. The rails have been removed; the engines and coaches gone; but the little train will always be remembered by those of us who rode it. The exact number of coaches varied, but a mail car and a baggage car were always run with at least two passenger cars. The seats were plush, rather upright, and could be reversed to make a double facing seat if passenger traffic was light. The windows were always open in the summer, so stinging cinders from the steam engine regularly showered into one's face and irritated the eyes of those next to the windowed ventilation.

The crew consisted of the engineer, fireman, conductor, brakeman, and the butcher. The highlights of the trip were the frequent visits of the butcher, who had a large basket full of goodies, mostly oranges, apples, candy and toys. Over-indulgence provided by the parents often led to motion sickness for the children.

The journey's progress was always noted by a conductor coming through the cars announcing each small town as it passed. He would call out: Lincoln, Summers, Westville, Christie, Proctor, etc. At one small town, possibly Proctor, the train took on box lunches to be purchased by the

passengers. Never since has fried chicken and home made bread tasted so good!

At various stations, primarily the larger towns of Fayetteville, Muskogee and Okmulgee, the engineer would receive written orders. These were carbon copies, written on onion skin type of paper. The only one in the possession of the author is a small bit of national history. It read:

Order No. 30
Ft. Smith 8/10, 1923
To no. 785 no. 769 & ex3711
At Fayetteville

In respect and commemoration death of President Harding all service including trains will stop from 2 p.m. to two naught five 2:05 p.m. standard, central time Friday August tenth 10th 1923

SK

Repeated at 3:04 am Browning Opr.

Railroading, over the years, has proven very vulnerable to wrecks despite the safety concerns of the crews. Wrecks have occurred with both fatalities and serious injuries. On several occasions, the Frisco had its share with engine jumping tracks or rolling over. Hobart was extremely lucky when, believing a wreck inevitable, he set his brakes and jumped. He didn't have time to examine the surroundings but soon discovered he was on an embankment. Looking up, he saw the engine leaning over him. A transient, unknown to the crew, had jumped too and he pulled Hobart out of the way in the nick of time.

In 1924, he was not so fortunate. He and his son, Robert, were involved in a car accident. Hobart was thrown through the windshield and sustained wounds all around his neck, but by good fortune the wounds just missed his jugular vein. His recovery was very slow, but, eventually, he was himself again.

Changing times, of course, came to railroading. The steam engines were retired and it became necessary to

learn a whole new way of being an engineer. The small diesel-electric engines were placed on this branch of the Frisco. The business was declining in both passenger and commercial trade. The new type of engine did not require a fireman so the maintenance, as well as the running of the engine fell on the shoulders of the engineer. While the equipment was cleaner and more comfortable, the strain remained. Always it was amazing how drivers disregarded railroad crossings. Deer, cows, and 4-footed animals were also great hazards.

The family decided to move back to Fayetteville when the last child finished high school in Muskogee. The home chosen was just a block from the University of Arkansas so the family's interest centered around that institution. Forrest entered as a freshman. After two years, the decision was made to send Forrest to a school in California to complete her major. Then Hobart and Myrtle moved to Prairie Grove to be with friends of long standing and with their many relatives living close by. The previous year, the Duttons had bought the old Shofner farm from Myrtle's sister, Clara Shofner. Farming brought a good diversion from railroading. The Engineer enjoyed overseeing the farm on the few days each month providing him with time.

Prairie Grove, had large yards so he indulged in a small garden, raised his own vegetables, a few chickens and, for an experiment, a cow.

On November 30, 1942 he received his long sought retirement papers. His health was impaired from exposure to coal smoke, cold winds and long hours over the road. Added to which he smoked heavily, rolling his own with Prince Albert tobacco. He received many letters from his RR company begging him not to retire. There was a real shortage of engineers due to World War II. He felt he must stop working. He needed the peace and relaxation. Prairie Grove was an ideal town to accomplish this. People had time to stop and talk. They had time for picnic dinners, cups of coffee, games of croquet. Hobart loved to eat, loved to read and loved his association with The Methodist Church. He was an "old sol" expert.

His only granddaughter at the time, Dorothy Lee Imes, was married to Jesse Prewitt of Tillar, in the Dutton home at Prairie Grove, 1946. In 1949, his second granddaughter, Teri Lee Poorman, was born. His only grandson, Ron L. Poorman, was born in California in 1952.

In the fall of 1952 his health failed, his lungs were so damaged by the hazards of his occupation and smoking. He was taken to the Veteran's Hospital in Fayetteville, where he died November 2, 1952. His wife, Myrtle, lived in the Dutton home until her death two years later. They are buried side by each in Prairie Grove Cemetery.

WASHINGTON COUNTY AND The DRUMMER'S ROLL!

by Stephen Burgess

Whether in the fire of battle, the fatigue of march, or the peace and rest of camp, Washington County saw Blue and Grey soldiers on a regular basis throughout the Civil War.

This is a list of Civil War clashes that took place in and around Washington County, Arkansas. This list is compiled from the "Summary of the Principal Events" contained in each volume of the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies.* (War of The Rebellion.) The *Official Records* were published in Washington, D.C. by the Government Printing Office beginning in 1881. The volumes used to compile this list were those that covered the Trans-Mississippi Department which at the beginning of the war consisted of Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. The pertinent volumes are all in Series I and consist of Volume III, Volume VIII, Volume XIII, Volume XXII-two parts, Volume XXXIV-four parts, Volume XLI-four parts, Volume XLVIII-two parts.

To assist in interpreting this list the following descriptions from Elmo Ingenthron's book *Borderland Rebellion* may be helpful. "A *battle* is a prolonged combat involve-

ment of large armies. An *engagement* may be a general encounter between armies, or a minor encounter between smaller forces. A *skirmish* is a small encounter, while an *action* often denotes sharp offensive and defensive movements. The term *affair* usually means a fight. An *expendition* refers to a journey for some specific purpose, while a *scout* or *reconnaissance* indicates an examination of an area to gain intelligence. An *operation* usually involves some form of military action. A *siege* is a sustained attempt to obtain possession of a place. A *demonstration* is an exhibition of force to warn or confuse the enemy."

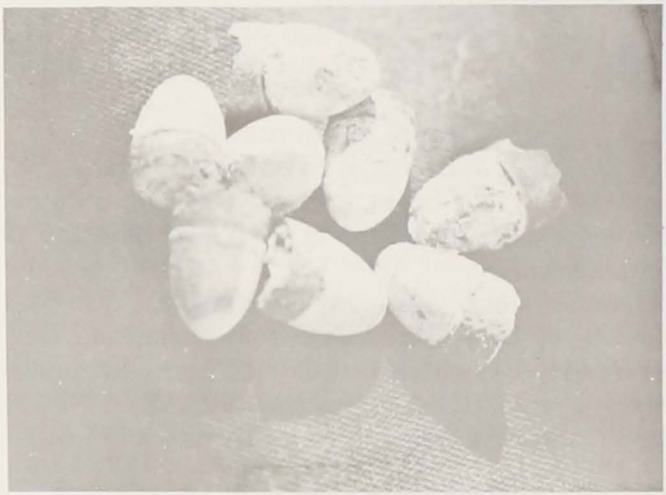
Although Washington County, Arkansas was a hotbed of activity from the time of Arkansas' admittance into the Confederacy on May 20, 1861, we first find Washington County mentioned in the "Summary of Principal Events" in 1862.

From Volumes 3, 8, 13, 22, 34, 41, and 48 of the *Official Records*. Civil War actions in Washington County, AR.

*Feb. 23, 1862- Fayetteville, occupied by Union Forces.
*July 15, 1862- Action near Fayetteville, AR.
Sept. 23, 1862- Skirmish at McGuire's Ferry, AR.
Oct. 24, 1862- Skirmish near Fayetteville, AR.
Oct. 27, 1862- Skirmish at Fayetteville, AR.
*Oct. 28, 1862- Action at Oxford Bend, White River, near Fayetteville, AR.
Oct. 28, 1862- Action at McGuire's, AR.
Nov. 7, 1862- Skirmish at Boonsborough, AR.
Nov. 7, 1862-Skirmish at Rhea's Mill, AR.
Nov. 8, 1862- Skirmish at Cove Creek, AR.
*Nov. 9, 1862- Skirmish between Fayetteville and Cane Hill, AR.
Nov. 9, 1862- Skirmishes at Boston Mountains, AR.
*Nov. 25, 1862 - Skirmish near Cane Hill, AR.
*Nov. 28, 1862- Engagement at Cane Hill, or Boston Mountains, AR.
*Dec. 4-6, 1862- Operations about Cane Hill, and skirmish (Dec. 6) at Reed's Mountain, AR.
*Dec. 7, 1862- Battle of Prairie Grove, Fayetteville, or Illinois Creek, AR.

Dec. 20, 1862- Skirmish near Cane Hill, AR.
*Dec. 21-23, 1862- Expedition from Fayetteville to Huntsville, AR.
Jan. 2, 1862- Skirmish at Cane Hill, AR.
*Jan. 23-27, 1863- Scout from Fayetteville to Van Buren, AR.
*Feb. 5-12, 1863- Scout from Fayetteville to the Arkansas River, and skirmishes at Threlkeld's Ferry and near Van Buren, AR.
*Mar. 22, 1863- Skirmish near the head of White River, AR.
*Mar. 29-Apr. 5, 1863-Scouts from Fayetteville, AR.
Apr. 5, 1863- Scouts from Fayetteville, AR.
*Apr. 18, 1863- Action at Fayetteville, AR.

Ye Editor's apologies for the error reprinted in each issue of FLASHBACK on the inside back cover in which the date of the Battle of Fayetteville is shown as April 17. Obviously it should have been the 18th.



12 mm. French pin-fire pistol bullets recovered from site of Battle at Cane Hill, AR (Officer's pistol)

Apr. 26, 1863- Skirmish at Elm Springs, AR.
June 4, 1863- Skirmish at Fayetteville, AR.
*July 30, 1863- Skirmishes near Elm Springs, AR.
*Aug. 23, 1863- Skirmish at Fayetteville, AR.
Sept. 4-5, 1863- Skirmishes at Bentonville, Flint Creek, Hog-Eye and Round Prairie, AR.

*Oct. 11-14, 1863- Demonstration against Fayetteville, AR.
Oct. 12, 1863- Affair at McGuire's, near Fayetteville, AR.
*Nov. 7-13, 1863- Expedition from Fayetteville to Frog Bayou, and skirmishes (9th) near Huntsville and (10th) near Kingston.
*Dec. 16-31, 1863- Scout from Fayetteville, AR including skirmishes (23d) at Stroud's Store and (25th) on Buffalo River.
*Apr. 6-7, 1864- Skirmishes on the Arkansas River and near Prairie Grove, AR.
Apr. 7, 1864- Skirmish at Rhea's Mill, AR.
*Apr. 28-May 7, 1864- Scout from Springfield, MO towards Fayetteville, AR.
May 19, 1864- Skirmish at Fayetteville, AR.
*June 24, 1864- Affair near Fayetteville, AR.
*Aug. 21-27, 1864- Expedition in Washington and Benton Co., AR with skirmishes.
*Aug. 23-28, 1864- Expedition from Cassville, MO., to Fayetteville, AR., with skirmish (24th) at Gerald Mountain, AR.
Aug. 27, 1864-Skirmish at Fayetteville.
Aug. 28, 1864- Skirmish at Fayetteville, AR.
*Sept. 12-15, 1864-Scout from Fayetteville to Huntsville, AR. with skirmish (14th) at Rodger's Crossing of the White Rover.
****Nov. 3, 1864- Action at Fayetteville, AR.
*Nov. 5-16, 1864- Expedition from Springfield, MO., to Fort Smith, AR, with skirmish (6th) near Cincinnati, AR.
Jan. 24, 1865-Skirmish at Fayetteville, AR.
Feb. 17, 1865- Skirmish in Washington Co., AR.

*Asterick- indicates those actions for which there are substantial reports on file.

****Although this action is not included in the "Summary of the Principal Events" there are several substantial reports on file detailing the fighting. These reports however, are buried in the hundred or more pages on Sterling Price's Missouri Raid of 1864. Elements of Price's Army, including artillery, made an unsuccessful attempt of

several hours to take Fayetteville.

Of the forty-eight actions identified as Washington County related, there are substantial reports on file for twenty-seven. These reports usually consist of a report from the officer commanding on one or both sides and sometimes reports from their subordinates. For the Battle of Prairie Grove, AR, there are ninety pages of reports from forty-three Union and Confederate officers. The engagement at Cane Hill, AR, is covered by ten officers in a total of nineteen pages. The Battle of Fayetteville, AR, is reported from both the Union and Confederate commander's viewpoint in nine pages.

This list is not by any means a complete account of Civil War movements in Washington Co., AR. Usually, only those events which involved exchanges of gunfire or fighting of some type were mentioned. Historians agree that there probably were a great many of the smaller actions and skirmishes that never made it into the *Official Records*. Also many cavalry skirmishes were fought in Benton, Carroll, Crawford, Franklin, Madison, and Newton Counties by troops of the First Arkansas Cavalry (U.S.) originating out of the post at Fayetteville. These actions are usually listed by the place names where they occurred.

From the beginning of the war until the end, there were camps for both sides in Washington County. With good springs and plenty of forage in the beginning, the area had an abundance of excellent campsites; winter camps, recruitment camps, camps of a week's duration or more, and hundreds of overnight campsites. However, by 1863, with the passage of large armies from both sides pretty much had depleted the forage in Washington and surrounding counties. Troopers from then on found it difficult to sustain themselves and their animals. One thing is certain though; it is difficult to imagine a spot in Washington County that had not seen, at least, a few Blue or Grey soldiers. Much of the county heard the repeated tramp of hundreds, even thousands, or marching feet.

Man is The Only Animal That Blushes –
or Needs to. - *Mark Twain*

QUERIES

Marilyn Larner Hicks, 3621 Duchess Trail, Dallas, TX 75229. 214-352-7929. re: Peter Van Winkle descendants.

RE: Peter Marselis Van Winkle & Temperence Miller Van Winkle. Peter (1814-1882) was prominent in lumber business in NW Arkansas before & after the Civil War. There were 12 children - 8 who had children:

(1) ANN VAN WINKLE m. Martin Kidder Walker -children: Mary m. Rev. John Pyle; Temperence m. John Tillman (senator & pres of U of AR); Nancy m. Joel Kimmons; Emily m. Wm. Ackman Hall; Calvin m. Mary Weaver; Susan m. Hugh K. Shelton; Jacob m. Lena Williams; Thos Jefferson m. Florance Carpenter; Sofia, Allie & Anna unmarried.

(2) MARY VAN WINKLE m. John Bell Steele -children: Guy C. m. Lucy Beckwick; Richard St. Clair m. Jennie Koons and Harry L. m. Nina Lundeen & became Major General in US Coast Artillery. His children: Lee, Ruth, John Chandler (professor at Annapolis in 1938) and Lundeen.

(3) ELLEN VAN WINKLE m. J.A.C. Blackburn -children: Carrie m. Ed Kruse; Lucy Maud m. Dr. Ben Hall & Laura May m. C.A. Miller.

(4) EMILY VAN WINKLE m. J.K.P. Stringfield, lived in Muskogee, OK. - children: Luella, Peter N., Alice, Mollie, Bertie, Lillie and James Berry.

(5) NORMAN VAN WINKLE m. Martha Matilda (Maggie) Woodruff - children: Calvin m. Kathryn Fowler; Cora B. m. Ernest Hall, Alonzo Van Winkle m. Flossie Fisher; Mary Katherine died young; Benjamin Peter; Lucy Van Winkle m. George Stevenson; and Gertrude Alice m. Phillip Agee of Eldorado, AR. Norman lived in Eureka Springs & Kirbyville, TX.

(6) JEFFERSON DAVIS VAN WINKLE m. Ada Pape - lived in Dallas - children: C.P. m. Harriett Vashti Parsons (son, A.P. owner/Van Winkle Motor Co.); Arthur;

Elizabeth (Bess) m. Earl Scott; Gordon Jefferson and Thomas Davis Van Winkle.

(7) ROBERT LEE VAN WINKLE m. Marcella Faulkner, mayor of Oklahoma City - child: Vere m. George Bowes lived in Beaumont, TX.

(8) WM. WALLACE VAN WINKLE m. (1) Fannie McKimmons & (2) Zelma Edgeman lived in Portales, NM & had 11 children.

Children who died without issue were Calvin, Geo. Washington, Lucy & Peter, Jr.

Ardith Abercrombie Ott, 1318 Wilbur Lane, Wichita, KS 67212 is seeking information on parents and birthplace of James Riley COLLINS, b. ca 1830 and ?? TN, m. 18 April 1852, Washington County to Sarah Jane BRICKEY, D. ca 1859. Executor was Jesse Collins, brother ?. Also, death date and cemetery of his widow, Sarah Jane who m. 2nd James Monroe ABERCROMBIE And 34d W.R. RANDOLPH. Or Crawford County 1900 census, Sarah Jane Randolph is in household of son, Young David Abercrombie, with her children Mac Collins and Rosa (Randolph) KUYKENDALL. Is also seeking death date and cemetery for Hiram V. Abercrombie (before 1900).

Mrs. Sherman (Wilma) WEST MILLER writes: My grandmother was born in Springdale, AR, the daughter of Eliza Ann HINDS/HINES born ca 1808/11 in Knoxville, TN. Eliza Ann married John KENDRICK, born ca 1805/10 in Florence, Lauderdale Co., AL. My grandmother was their 3rd child, the others being born in AL and IL respectively. John KENDRICK was not on the 1850 census. What happened to him? He served on the jury in 1837 in Washington Co., AR and is listed on the 1840 census. What happened to Eliza Ann HINDS KENDRICK?? She is allegedly a direct descendant of John and Priscilla ALDEN of the Mayflower. I need proof of their marriage and deaths. HELP!!! Wilma West Miller, 1490 Fremont Ave., Los Altos, CA 94022.

James P. Mankins, 10 Rancho Campo Ct., Sacramento, CA 95828 writes: Very little is known about Jack

MANKINS. Is he the same person as John C. Mankins, born 1835 and son of John B. MANKINS? Jack married---- WINFREY. Who was she? Was she a relative of Capt. John F. WINFREY, Co., E., 3rd Arkansas, Cavalry who participated in the battles of Wilson Creek, Prairie Grove, and other skirmishes? Jack and ----- WINFREY MANKINS had the following children: Bill, Jeff, Plutiney, Harvey Thompson (called "T"), Mary, Ed, Lou, and Bud all born in Texas.

Margaret Glendenning, 1020 Pecan Crossing Dr. No. 3400, DeSoto, TX 75115 wishes to correspond with anyone researching these families: MALLICOAT, BULLIN, EDMISTON, GRAHAM, DRAKE and FIELDS.

Charlotte E. Flock, 114 Clay Circle, Vinita, OK 74301 is researching the John P. & Mary M. DETHEROW MARRS line. Wishes to correspond with others who have information on this couple. Also looking for information on Nathaniel (Nathan) HADDOCK who married Rachel Obedience ROSE. Nathan died in 1876 and Rachel then married J.H. SHEPHERD in 1878. Who can tell her more about Rachel Obedience ROSE HADDOCK?

Will be happy to exchange information with those researching these families: BARETT, BLOYD, BOYD, GRAHAM, GREGG, KENDRICK, LONDAGIN, LOOPER, McCLELLAND, MITCHELL, OWNBY/OWENBY, OXFORD, SURATT/SURRATT, WALDRIP, WHITE, WILSON. Mrs. Rollin D. Moore (Lonina) 140 W. Rose Drive, Midwest City, OK 73110.

Wish to exchange information on the BROTHERTON family. Joel Thrasher, 8705 Jackson Avenue, Manassas, VA 22110. Keith Brotherton, 518 S. Kansas, Anthony, KS 67003.

Bernice E. McKinnon, 904 King Street, Grand Coulee, WA 99133 wants to know - WHO was Sarah?? She is listed on the 1850 census with her husband, Tilman (Tilghman) D. WISENER and their children; William, Lydia, Mary,

and Tilman F. Sarah died 1850/51 and Tilman married Mary Ann ENYART. Was Sarah's maiden name McRIEF, McREEF, or MCRAEF??

Nancy Floyd, Box 1282, Kerrville, Texas 78029 needs help with her MILLER, REED, and PAUL families.

Leila L. Heasley, 4232 Fulton Parkway, Cleveland, Ohio 44144 needs help in researching the SEAY family. Lived in the Cane Hill/Dutch Mills/Cincinnati area. Obediah and family here before 1836. Who are Charles H. SEAY, Mrs. Henry SEAY, and Joe SEAY? Most interested in Allen SEAY.

Glynda Ford Ellman, 100 Parklane Drive, Whitehouse, TX 75791: Does anyone know what happened to James FORD, B. ca 1830, married to Catherine ?, b. ca 1837 and living in Elm Springs, AR in 1860. Census has four boys at that time: Robert 1853, John W. August 1855, James 1857, Andrew Jackson 1858. James and Catherine are my great-grandparents. Andrew J. is my grandfather. Andrew J. was awarded in Probate Court 1866, Benton County, AR to guardian Ruben Ford, along with his brothers listed above. Except for Charles (b. Nov. 7, 1861) who isn't in 1869 census, does anyone have information on Ruben who is married to Sousan? He was in Osage Township, Benton County in 1850 through 1880 census. I cannot connect Ruben/Reuben Ford, b. ca 1802, Virginia, to anyone. Is he related to the other Ford from North Carolina? His children are: John, ca 1826 TN; Malisa 1828; Rufus 1833, Robinson 1835; Enoch 1837; Mary 1840; Samuel 1841; James 1844. Ruben died around 1888 ?. He took my orphaned grandfather in 1866 when my grandfather was around 8 years old. Where are the parents? They were living near Civil War strife and battles, and must have both died in order for children to have guardian. I can trade information on three of the orphans — John 1855, Charles 1861, and Andrew 1858.

Barbara Haws Angerman P.O. Box 928 Wrangell, Alaska 99929 writes that she is researching the following families and would like to hear from others who are doing the

same, HAWS, TEMPLETON, SMITH, CUBINE, JONES, LUTTRESS, MABERRY, McAFEE, and STROUD.

Helen H. Willms (Mrs. Henry C.) writes that she would like to hear from those researching these families: Thomas SMITH, David Wilson WILLIAMS, Robert Fulton STRAIN, John WOOD, Isaac SPENCER, Charles ADAMS, and Jessee KEALLEM. Mrs. WILLMS states that she has ggg grandparents buried in Washington County.

Mrs. A. E. West writes that her husband's grandfather, Cecil Eugene WEST is supposed tho have bought and sold horses here in Washington County. He married in 1885 and died in 1948. She would like to verify this information. She will help anyone with their genealogy if their ancestors are from the Wichita area. Mrs. A.E. West 518 S. Baltimore, Derby, KS 67037.

Our new member, Sandy Hays Hines 3630 Bluebell St., Seal Beach, Calif. 90740 writes she is new in the field of genealogy and would like help from others who are working on these lines: BUSKIRK, RATHER, SHIRLEY, & STOUT.

AHNENTAFEL CHARTS

As promised in the November 1988 FLASHBACK, we are continuing the publication of at least one "Ahnentafel" chart with each issue. We hope this additional feature will prompt you enthusiasts to get other genealogists and friends to join our Society.

On the charts, the submitter is No. 1. Double the number to find the father, No. 2. Add one to the father's number and this will be the mother, No. 3. Continue to do this for each generation.

Submitted by Ardythe Rogers Keller, 415 Fraine Bks Rd. No. 108, Bismarck, ND 58501. 20th June, 1988.

1. Ardythe Maureen Rogers m. Norman Keller.
2. Harry Richmond Rogers b. 2 June 1888 Harlan, Kansas m. 31 Oct. 1908 Smith Co., KS d. 4 June 1948 Concordia, KS.
3. Florence Dunton b. 20 Jan 1886 Burr Oak, KS d. 15 Jan. 1967 Denver, CO.
4. William Levi Rogers b. 10 Sept. 1867 Fayetteville, AR m. 26 June 1887 Smith Co., KS. d. 9 Dec. 1931 Concordia, KS.
5. Mary E. Hammond b. 20 Nov. 1867 Dresden, OH d. 27 Apr. 1928 Concordia, KS.
6. Alonzo F. Dunton b. 5 Nov. 1860 Farmington Fall, ME m. 13 Apr. 1885 Scandia, KS. d. Mar. 1955 Manhattan, KS.
7. Ann Hammond b. 13 Apr. 1863 Ill. d. 1947 Manhattan, KS.
8. Levi Richman (Richmond) Rogers b. 7 June 1824 Fayetteville, AR m. 22 Nov. 1866 d. 20 Nov. 1884 Eureka Springs, AR.
9. 2) Elvina Catherine P. Hicks b. 25 July 1835 Hall Co., GA d. 30 July 1922 Kansas.
10. Samuel Shepler Hammond b. 10 May 1827 Dresden, Muskingham Co., OH d. 30 May 1898.
11. Elvina C. Plemmons Hicks Rogers b. 25 July 1835 Hall Co., GA. d. 30 July 1922 Kansas.
12. Jason Dunton b. 21 Dec. 1824 Bangor, ME d. 8 Feb. 1909.
13. Sophia L. Jones d. 29 Oct. 1864.
14. Luke Hammond b. Stedham, Midhurst, Sussex, England.
15. Harriet Maides b. Stedham, Midhurst, Sussex, England.
16. Levi Rogers
17. Clarissa
18. Wm. Plemmons
19. Catherine
20. Peter Hammond b. 28 July 1791 d. 2 Jan. 1867.
21. Christine Shepler b. 15 July 1796 d. 2 Dec. 1851.
40. Daniel Hammond b. 1766 d. 28 Apr. 1876
41. Catherine

42. Henry Shepler
43. Rebecca

Submitted to "Uncle Walt" Lemke ca 1950's.

1. Sue H. Walker b. 6 Sept. 1857 d. 1939.
2. James David Walker b. 13 Dec. 1830 d. 17 Oct. 1906 Fayetteville, AR m. 4 Dec. 1856 (his 2nd cousin).
3. Mary Walker b. 21 Dec. 1837 d. 31 Mar. 1910
4. James Volney Walker b. 6 Aug. 1799 d. Aug. 1855 Logan Co., KY
5. Susan Howard McLean b. 3 Apr. 1803 d. 1854.
6. James David Walker b. 19 Feb. 1806 Todd Co., KY d. 30 Sept. 1879 Fayetteville, Washington Co., AR.
7. Jane Lewis Washington b. 1813 d. 1847.
8. David Walker b. 13 Apr. 1763 Brunswick, VA m. 1798 d. 1 Mar. 1820.
9. Mary Barbour b. 1780 d. 6 May 1815.
10. Ephriam McLean
11. Elizabeth Byars
12. J. Wythe Walker b. 7 Sept. 1778 VA d. Dec. 1838 Fayetteville, AR.
13. Nancy Ann Hawkins b. 3 Oct. 1780 d. 1851.
14. Whiting Washington b. 1781 d. 27 Sept. 1826 Logan Co., KY (Green Ridge).
15. Rebecca Smith b. 1786 VA d. 1861 Fayetteville, AR.
16. Col. George Walker b. VA.
17. Mary Meade b. England.
24. Col. George Walker
25. Mary Meade b. England.
26. James Hawkins b. 11 Sept. 1756 m. 22 Dec. 1779 VA d. 2 Jan. 1758.
27. Lucy Wyatt b. 11 Jan. 1758 d. 5 Mar. 1847.
28. Warner Washington (1st cousin George Washington).
29. Hannah Fairfax
32. Jacob Walker
33. Courtney Tucker
34. David Meade
35. Susan Everard
48. Jacob Walker

49. Courtney Tucker
70. Richard Everard
71. Susan Kidder

Submitted by Grace Albright Fayetteville, AR ca 1950's.

1. Grace Enid Albright
2. Spencer D. Albright b 27 Dec. 1850 d. Jan. 1938 Fayetteville, AR.
3. 1) Helen Mar Elliot
   2) Sarah Ann Lang b. 10 July 1865 Indiana d. Dec. 1933 Fayetteville, AR.
4. Amos Fowler Albright b. 1801 Wheatland, NY d. 2 July 1890 Louisville, KY.
5. 1) Olive Wheeler
   2) Marietta Blackmer
   3) *Harriet Catherine Thomson* b 20 Feb. 1827 d. 9 Oct. 1864 Milford, MI
   4) Susan Ford (widow)
6. Richard Lang "Battle of the Wilderness"
7. Sarah Grace b. Ligionere, PA.
8. Francis Milton Albright b. 1742
9. Ann Wismer b. 27 Aug. 1759 d. 5 Oct. 1833 Union Twp., Ross Co., OH.
10. Chester Thomson b. Scotland d. Northville, MI.
11. Zoanna Wheeler b. 27 Sept. 1794 Grantham, NH d. 1836 Dearborn, MI.
12. Richard Lang
13. Ann Katherine Mordock
14. Bennett Grace b. Ligionere Co., PA.

Nobody Knows The Age of The Human Race
But All Agree That it is Old Enough
to Know Better. - *Anonymous*

This picture was taken about 1912, alleged to have been the first car in Lincoln, Ark. Passengers are Charlie Roller on the right and Newt Douglas on the left. Photo courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Payne, Escalon, CA.

THOSE "MERRY AUTOMOBILES"

by Ruth Holt Payne

There was this old song, "Come and go with me, Lucille, in my merry automobile....." Remember those early automobiles? To venture forth in one of them was exciting but unpredictable. The trip usually included "do it yourself" repairs and sometimes hiring the machine pulled out of a chughole by a horse. It was not unusual for a 'not so merry' automobile to limp home sputtering and gasping on its last breath of gas.

History defines automobiles as vehicles driven by steam, electricity, naphtha, petroleum or gasolene and without tracks. Some attempts at producing "horseless carriages" were begun as early as 1680 but progress was slow and intermittent until 1894 which began a period of development, leading to the present various types of machine now termed cars. First efforts were designed for sports and pleasure but later, vehicles were developed for business purposes. Before the advent of gas pumps gasolene was kept in barrels in the back part of garages and even sold in drug stores.

By the early 1900s dirt roads, as well as the better roads, were crawling with various types of what came to be known as "gas buggies"; roadsters, racers, coupes, some with rumble seats behind, and the standard touring car. The latter was a two seater, with a buggy-like top that could be either folded back or erected for shelter. Erected, side curtains with isinglass windows, were snapped on in inclement weather. Later, there was the sedan, seen on the premises of wealthier families. It was shaped much like a bathtub on wheels, had real glass windows and carried a dignified air.

These first machines were accepted reluctantly by some oldsters and sometimes ridiculed. "Get a horse!" was a slogan used in the case of a stalled car on the road. The new contraptions were too risky and they caused too many runaways of their, otherwise trusted, teams, was another opinion. One man I knew, when cajoled into his nephew's car, held the door partly open "for air", although it was a touring car with the flaps down. It was no trouble to get the young folks to learn to drive at the breath taking speed of twelve to fifteen miles per hour, though.

By the early 1900s cars of different makes had appeared in Lincoln, Arkansas, my home town, and, according to a newspaper of that vintage, car owners "flivvered" to other places. Some of the earlier cars had a door only on the right side. On the left side was a false door (not cut out), for the safety of the driver. He would crank it up, then get

in but if the car rolled off of its own accord, he would chase it down, climb over the door and get control.

Owners received a minimum of instruction for driving, then climbed in and got the rest by experience. One man's experience was to load his eggs in the car, crank up and head for town. However, the car wasn't used to new management and took off on its own. Despite the driver's shouts of "Whoa! Whoa!" the crazy thing jumped a ditch and deposited eggs in the driver's lap, already scrambled.

"California, here I come!" was a familiar slogan scrawled on the anatomies of "tin lizzies", "jalopies" and "flivvers", as they were being nicknamed, as they wove their slow, dusty way westward in the early 1920s. What triggered this exodus might have been from a number of circumstances. Perhaps World War I brought the outside world closer to us, inspiring us to seek a better life style or it might have been the same urge that drove the early settlers to form new frontiers.

California's attraction this time wasn't yellow gold as in 1849 but the black gold of new oil wells in southern areas, derricks even rising offshore. Also, the citrus groves bordering small towns around Los Angeles provided work, as well as the city itself. This writer and husband joined the westward trek to find work as vehicles were in the early stages of development, so were the highways and traveling facilities. Instead of mainly paved roads there were long stretches of gravel or dirt roads, with only an occasional garage with a gas pump rearing its tiny head between towns and it was prudent to check your gas supply with a stick in the tank.

There were no plush motels then, only cabins and that means real cabins, just bare shacks, sometimes a garage or outbuilding was converted to the purpose. Mostly you furnished the bedding and cooking utensils but the price was low, 50¢ to $1. Today the length of time to drive to California can be reduced to approximately three days, then we were lucky to get there within two or three weeks,

depending on the condition of the car. As in the days of wagon trains, families sometimes traveled together.

The hazards, instead of robbers and wild animals as of old, were breakdowns and flat tires or if we ran low on gas, we could borrow by siphoning gas from the other person's car and pouring it into our own tank. Courtesies of the road included waiting for the other car to catch up if delayed by traffic in a city, helping to repair a car or waiting for a wayside mechanic to do it.

Engine trouble was chronic; those old "coffee grinders" were hard to crank and could kick back with force enough to break an arm. Escaping injury, the cranker could persist until he was exhausted with no more result than a consumptive cough from the engine or it could go into start-stop spasms that threw the front seat passengers against the windshield with a skull cracking impact and left the back seat passengers hanging limply over the back of the front seat. When the engine died gradually, emitting feeble death rattles, then an ominous silence ensued, all passengers got out and pushed, hoping the motion would revive any lingering spark of life.

This failing, an expensive doctoring at the nearest garage the owner could reach was in order. Life usually returned, though, (they were hard to kill), with an unexpected roar and if the wheels also responded there was a merry chase to catch the runaway car, jump in and get control. On with the journey for a few miles when there was a loud pop, accompanied by sagging and bumping on one side and the car was down with another chronic ailment — the blowout!

Again, passengers disembark when jack and pump were fished from under the seat and the car jacked up to change the tire. The spare tire, if there was one, was kept in a groove made for it on the runningboard, hung on the back of the car or thrown among miscellaneous items in the car. Minus a spare, a boot (piece of old tire) was inserted over the hole in the tire and a patch put on the innertube, some

of which were already patched within an inch of their lives.

There must have been some compensation for all the hardships and aggravations. There was: going somewhere, seeing new country, adventure, excitement. Even the arid parts of the country had much to offer, clusters of various kinds of cacti, brilliantly beautiful against a background of gray sage, sand and mesquite. The mountains painted in mauve and pink, the awe inspiring Grand Canyon, the petrified forest, all combined to attract our interest.

Many nights were spent in camp grounds or wherever we found water. Nights spend in cedar or pine forested mountains in near freezing altitude and a cup of acrid coffee boiled in a syrup bucket over a fire of dry sticks, made us more eager to reach the Promised Land. The long miles raveled out behind us and, finally, there it was in all its enticing, exotic beauty — California! The fragrance of orange groves, the various kinds of flowers everywhere surely spelled "a land of milk and honey." Weary but persistent, "Merry Automobiles", we salute you — you got us there!

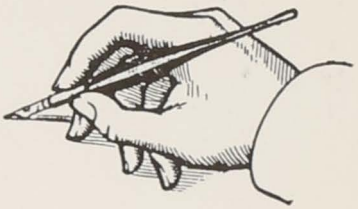
* * *

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Retired teachers who taught in Madison County, Arkansas are asked to send their stories and names of schools in which they taught, together with any pictures that might be copied for "History of Education in Madison County, Arkansas". Send to: Bonnie Pace, Combs, AR 72721 or Virginia Threet, 1875 South Custer Lane, Fayetteville, AR 72701.

"The Chew Family Newsletter", covering all branches of the Chew surname and allied lineages is published quarterly at a cost of $15.00 per year. Contact Frances Brengle, Editor, at 6619 Pheasant Road, Baltimore, MD 21220.

Our Readers Write



We have enjoyed the 1988 issues very much. However, in Volume 38, No. 1, the Hester article is not quite right. Ransom Hester's sons was Louis P. Hester. His son was Hubert Hester, and his son was Lawrence Hester. Hubert Hester and my wife's mother were brother and sister. My wife is the former Larena J. Toney. Her great-grandfather, Capt. Toney, is bured in the Confederate Cemetery in Fayetteville. Her grandfather, Newton Toney, was from the Harris Switch area. They were raised in the West Fork and Greenland area, had a farm on the Toney Mountain, southwest of Greenland. You already have the Hester side.

Lawrence Hester does have a lot of old stuff we left with him two years ago. One thing you might be interested in was an old newspaper, more than one hundred years old. It's not the Democrat, but was printed there in Fayetteville. You have our permission to take a look at it. We do have an old Baldwin school picture and an old Harris school picture. We also have an old quilt top (never quilted) given to L.P. Hester when he retired from the mail route. Each block has the name embroidered by one of the women on his route (Round Mountain and Wyman area). It's not in the greatest shape; the wife plans to wash it and make a picture. On our next trip to Fayetteville will bring a picture and all the names on the quilt, some of which, I suppose, are still around. All of you keep up the good work.

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